Pain Relief

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Pain Relief

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will has a near debilitating migraine, Hannibal offers to help with pain relief.

NOTE: I'm really sorry to all the guests who enjoy and comment on my works, but due to the ongoing threat of theft and plagiarism by AI tech, I have made the decision to lock all my works.
THIS WORK WILL REMAIN UNLOCKED FOR ONE WEEK.

Pain Relief

AO3: TigerPrawn

Will winced and rubbed his forehead, as though that was going to make any difference.

“Is everything alright, Will?” Hannibal asked from where he sat opposite him in his office, their usual appointment for Will’s therapy - their *conversations*.

Will shook his head gently, causing another explosion of pain just above his eyes, “headache. Can’t shake it.”

That was downplaying it, he knew. He’d had headaches like this more times than he could count. The sort that rolled on and on for days until they finally became a migraine. And then, he’d only chug more pills and hope for the best. If he was lucky it would pass quickly, if not it would be another day or more of light and sound sensitivity, nausea, vomiting, shakes, and the skull splitting pain that flared with every movement he made.

“I’ve already taken aspirin,” Will added, preempting that question, but unsurprised when Hannibal offered—

“I can prescribe you something stronger if you’d like?”

This time Will avoided shaking his head, “No, I have meds. They just… they make me foggy. I’m no good to Jack if I take them.”

Hannibal let out a light huff of derision that Will was coming to know well. Hannibal cleared his throat, but didn’t make his usual obvious comments, about Will putting himself before Jack and his demands. Before the job. Instead he continued—

“There are other methods that may offer you some relief. Ones that won’t leave you unfit for work. More so than you already are now.” There was a tease in his tone.

Will started to chuckle but stopped as his head throbbed, “Are you going to offer me some herbal remedies? Incense? Maybe the number of a good masseuse?”

Hannibal chuckled in return, humouring him. “Those things can help, as can natural methods of pain relief, anything that releases endorphins. Acupuncture, meditation, even playing music. And of course, reaching orgasm.”

Will couldn’t hold back the laugh at that and winced again as his head thundered with pain.

“Not sure I have time to find a partner, permanent or otherwise,” Will fobbed off.

“Masturbation would be effective, and it is healthy to give oneself a release when necessary.”

“I assure you,” Will replied, fidgeting in the chair, “I give myself adequate release when called for.” He was blunt, and Hannibal took the prompt to change the subject and move on.

*

The following morning Will had barely been able to get showered and dressed - a migraine now. He might not have even bothered, with only classes in the afternoon, but Jack had called him a little before seven. A new crime scene that he needed Will at ASAP.

Will managed to hold himself up at his kitchen counter as he waited for yesterday’s coffee to reheat in the percolator. He was hopeful that the caffeine would get him as far as the crime scene and by then the aspirin might have kicked in.

As his head seared with pain whilst pouring the steaming black liquid into his travel mug, he wondered if he should have wanked in the shower to see if that helped. Too late now, and chances were he’d have probably slipped and cracked his skull if he’d tried. At least that might have stopped the pain.

There was a beep of a horn.

Groaning, Will made his way outside, seeing Katz in her car, sipping from her own travel mug as she waited for him.

“Thanks,” He muttered, as he opened the door and slid into the passenger seat.

“No problem, we’re going to the same place. Carpooling is a good thing, I hear.” Bev grinned at him before stowing her mug in the cup holder and putting the car into gear.

She made conversation on the drive there, but didn’t seem offended by his replies which were mostly limited to grunts.

“You know, if it’s so bad maybe you shouldn’t be doing this,” she offered after a short silence had fallen between them.

Will chuckled and then winced at the pain it sparked, “Can’t see Jack going for that.”

She huffed her amusement, “Probably not. What you need is a doctor’s note. You should talk to Lecter, he seems sweet on you. Bet he’d write you a note.”

Will closed one eye against the changing position of the light as he turned to look at her, about to refute her claim, but then clocking her shiteating grin.

“You’re such a shitstirrer, you know that Katz,” Will grumbled. She shrugged and he rested his head back and closed his eyes, trying not to feel every tiny bump in the road.

“Well, if you change your mind, I hear he’s already on his way to the crime scene. Jack has called everyone in on this one.”

Will murmured an acknowledgement and then tried to shut everything out.

*

It was almost three hours after they arrived that Jack finally seemed satisfied to start letting people go. It was a horrific scene, and there were a lot of experts on site, which made everything take that much longer. But from Will’s perspective there was nothing left for him to do, he’d done his part and the rest needed to be done in the lab.

“Hang on for a bit, Will. We might need you to take another look at—”

“I have a migraine, Jack,” Will snapped, not meaning to do so but at the end of his tether. “I’m barely functioning and there’s nothing that can’t wait until the bodies are in the lab.”

Despite the migraine now distorting his vision, Will didn’t miss the way Katz and Jimmy took slow steps back away from them, but Hannibal stepped forward, just as Jack turned to Will with an expression that might make most piss their pants.

“What did you—” Jack started, but then Hannibal was between them, holding up his hands.

“If I may interject,” Hannibal began, though he didn’t wait for an answer. “Will is unwell to the point that may affect his ability to do his job. I concur that he should rest now and come

back to the lab fresh to continue there."

"Over a headache?" Jack boomed his question at Hannibal, who raised a brow and narrowed his eyes. Will wished he didn't feel so shit, as this might otherwise be quite entertaining.

"You're minimising the severity of this, Jack." Hannibal replied in a no nonsense tone. "Whilst a migraine might include a headache, there are a multitude of sometimes debilitating symptoms. Some migraines are more like experiencing a mini-stroke than a headache."

Jack huffed, and appeared to be trying to find a response, but then Hannibal continued.

"If required, I am happy to have Will removed from duty on medical grounds—"

"No! No…" Jack interjected at the thought of the red tape that would cause, and then looked over at Will thoughtfully. "Right, take the rest of the day. I want you in the lab first thing tomorrow morning."

Will inclined his head as much as he was able and then started to walk away, not realising Hannibal was at his elbow until he said, "Ms Katz said she drove you. As she is needed at the lab, I have offered to drive you home."

"Thanks," Will muttered, an image of a smug and grinning Bev Katz coming to mind.

*

Will managed to doze a few seconds at a time until the car came to a stop and he opened his eyes.

"This is your house," Will's words were almost slurred.

"Yes. It's closer, and I have things here I can treat you with. Triptans, and also I can set up an IV if necessary. Fast hydration could help."

"Okay," Will murmured, no energy to fight even if he wanted to. He let himself out of the Bentley and followed Hannibal up to the house.

"Perhaps you'd be comfortable in a spare room?" Hannibal asked and Will didn't answer, just allowed himself to be guided up the stairs.

He was on his back against soft pillows, shoes removed and a blanket over him as the words whirled in his mind. *Triptans, IV, spare room. Triptans, IV, spare room. Triptans, IV, spare room. Triptans, IV, spare room. Triptans, IV, spare room. Masturbation.*

Will's eyes flickered open and found he was alone in the room, tablets and a glass of water on the bedside table and the curtains drawn though he could see some sunlight framing them.

He had no idea how long he had been there, he just knew his head was still throbbing, and… he was hard.

He frowned. That was unexpected. He hadn't quite been asleep, in that place between sleeping and waking that a migraine would allow, but all the same his mind had been engulfed by thoughts - pain induced desires. He felt thirsty, he wanted medication, and his body wanted some sort of relief. Something to stop the pain.

Masturbation would be effective.

He heard Hannibal's words in his head and his cock throbbed.

With a grunt at the exertion, Will moved and grabbed the tablets, swallowing them down and then chugging two thirds of the glass of water before laying back against the pillows.

He closed his eyes and willed the pain to end.

Masturbation would be effective.

Will let out a low moan of frustration, even as his hand slipped under the blanket. He flipped open the button on his pants and then lowered the zip until he was able to slip his hand beneath his underwear and take himself in hand. He was hard and dripping, and an image of Hannibal on his knees between his legs sprang into his mind.

"Fuck…" Will muttered, feeling somewhat disgusted at himself. So the doctor had mentioned sex and masturbation, and so what if Katz thought Lecter liked him, none of that was good enough reason to think of him whilst jerking off. Let alone in his spare room.

Even so, Will managed to push his pants down and hook his boxers under his balls, despite his throbbing head. More concerned at that moment with his throbbing cock, he started to jerk himself off.

He wasn't sure when Hannibal entered the room.

"Is that helping, Will?"

Will drew in a sharp breath and turned to look at Hannibal, his head thumping with pain as he did so.

"Shit," Will groaned and sank back onto the bed, in too much pain to be as mortified as he truly felt.

"It's alright," Hannibal muttered, now at his side with his hand on Will's shoulder. "I already told you, an orgasm can be great pain relief."

Will let out a half-sob, just entirely consumed by pain now and willing to do anything to make it stop.

"Would you like me to help?" Hannibal's voice was low and cool, the same tone one might use to ask if you wanted a cup of coffee, or needed a ride somewhere.

Will lay still for a moment, focusing on his breathing, taking it in and out, his eyes still closed as he finally gave in to this need, and gave a slight nod of his head.

He kept his eyes closed as the bed dipped and Hannibal moved beside him. Every nerve was tingling with anticipation, but when he tried to move his arm to pull Hannibal closer, his head split with pain and he let out an agonised groan.

“Just remain still, Will. The less you move, the less pain there will be.”

He knew Hannibal was right, but that didn’t stop the slight jump and accompanying excruciating flash of pain as Hannibal pulled back the blanket and the cool air of the room hit his exposed cock.

“Using my hand might jolt you too much,” Hannibal explained as he moved, pushing Will’s legs gently apart as he did, sections of the bed dipping until Will could feel that Hannibal had settled between his legs.

He took Will in hand gently, his warm palm a comfort as he stroked so slowly it was almost soothing.

Will managed to remain still but even so drew in a sharp breath when Hannibal’s tongue ran over the tip of his cock. He let out a sound from deep in his chest that only grew deeper as Hannibal’s mouth closed around the head of his cock, sucking it as he swirled his tongue over the tip.

“God…” Will slurred, his fists clenching slightly, too weak to truly ball them up or even grip the sheets.

With slow, gentle movements, Hannibal sank his mouth down, taking Will to the back of his throat before easing back a little.

Despite his desire to thrust up, Will instead went pliant. His whole body finally relaxing after days of tension gripping every muscle and just making the pain worse. He felt loose, sedated.

“Pill?” Will asked, but Hannibal didn’t answer, too busy sucking him deep.

Was it a sedative? Was any of this even happening? Will wasn’t entirely sure, but he didn’t care either way. He just wanted the pain to stop, and right now he wanted to come. He wanted to come down Hannibal’s throat so bad.

A groan escaped, the only real response he could muster, but it was enough to have Hannibal work harder. He was practically fucking his own face on Will’s cock, which already had Will incredibly close. So very fucking close.

And then Hannibal cupped his balls, and even through the sedation he could feel the tug.

He came hard, throbbing in Hannibal’s throat with a long groan before everything went black.

*

Will woke and felt the immediate relief of being pain free.

He felt foggy and unbalanced, but the searing, splitting pain in his skull was gone. He eased himself up against the pillows and looked around, getting his bearings.

He was still in Hannibal's spare room, a low morning light behind the curtains and the scent of coffee coming from the steaming cup now next to the glass of water.

"How are you feeling?"

The words made Will look up, finding Hannibal sitting in an armchair in the corner of the room.

"Better," Will replied, reaching for the coffee. "Thanks for this and for, um, looking after me last night."

"You're welcome. I thought it best to give you a light sedation—"

"And for the other… treatment." Will interrupted, muttering and hiding behind the coffee cup. He clenched his jaw, "Unless… unless I imagined that. I was a bit out of it."

He was sure he hadn't. It had been fuzzy at the time, but he was sure it had happened. And, if he was honest, he wanted it to happen again - this time when he wasn't sedated and in pain. But he also didn't want this to be awkward. He wanted to give them both a way out of it if that was preferable.

"You did not imagine it," Hannibal confirmed.

"That's… good," Will replied, hesitantly, his lips twitching up into a smirk as he set the coffee cup back down.

"Oh?" Hannibal cocked his head and raised a brow.

"It seemed quite an effective pain relief, and… I still have a bit of a headache."

Hannibal gave an amused huff and got to his feet. "We can't have that," He replied with a grin as he stalked towards the bed.

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